Act V

**Part 11: Dunsinane**

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| *A* ***DOCTOR*** *and a waiting*- ***GENTLEWOMAN*** *enter.* |
| **DOCTOR**  I’ve stayed up with you for two nights now, and I haven’t seen any evidence of what you were talking about. When was the last time you saw her sleepwalking? |
| **GENTLEWOMAN**  Since Macbeth went to war, I have seen her rise from her bed, put on her nightgown, unlock her closet, take out some paper, fold it, write on it, read it, seal it up, and then return to bed, remaining asleep the entire time. |
| **DOCTOR**  It’s unnatural to be asleep and act as if you’re awake. When she is like this, besides walking and performing various activities, have you heard her say anything? |
| **GENTLEWOMAN**  She says something, sir, but I will not repeat it to you. |
| **DOCTOR**  You can tell me. You really should. |
| **GENTLEWOMAN**  I will not confess it to you nor to anyone else, because there was no one else to witness her speech. |
| ***LADY MACBETH*** *enters, holding a candle.* |
| Look, here she comes! This is exactly how she always looks, and—I swear it—she is fast asleep. Watch her.  Keep hidden. |
| **DOCTOR**  How did she get that candle? |
| **GENTLEWOMAN**  It stands by her bedside. She always has to have a light next to her. Those are her orders. |
| **DOCTOR**  You see, her eyes are open. |
| **GENTLEWOMAN**  Yes, but they don’t see anything. |
| **DOCTOR**  What’s she doing now? Look how she rubs her hands. |
| **GENTLEWOMAN**  She often does that. She looks like she’s washing her hands. I’ve seen her do that before for as long as fifteen minutes. |
| **LADY MACBETH**  There’s still a spot here. |
| **DOCTOR**  Listen! She’s talking. I’ll write down what she says, so I’ll remember it better. |
| **LADY MACBETH**  *(rubbing her hands)* Come out, damned spot! Out, I command you! One, two. OK, it’s time to do it now.—Hell is murky!—Nonsense, my lord, nonsense! You are a soldier, and yet you are afraid? Why should we be scared, when no one can lay the guilt upon us?—But who would have thought the old man would have had so much blood in him? |
| **DOCTOR**  Did you hear that? |
| **LADY MACBETH**  The thane of Fife had a wife. Where is she now?—What, will my hands never be clean?—No more of that, my lord, no more of that. You’ll ruin everything by acting startled like this. |
| **DOCTOR**  Now look what you’ve done. You’ve heard something you shouldn’t have. |
| **GENTLEWOMAN**  She said something she shouldn’t have said, I’m sure of that. Heaven knows what secrets she’s keeping. |
| **LADY MACBETH**  I still have the smell of blood on my hand. All the perfumes of Arabia couldn’t make my little hand smell better. Oh, oh, oh! |
| **DOCTOR**  What a heavy sigh! Her heart is carrying a heavy weight. |
| **GENTLEWOMAN**  I wouldn’t want a heart like hers even if you made me queen. |
| **DOCTOR**  Well, well, well. |
| **GENTLEWOMAN**  I hope what she’s saying is well, sir! |
| **DOCTOR**  This disease is beyond my medical skills. But I have known people who sleepwalked and weren’t guilty of anything. |
| **LADY MACBETH**  Wash your hands. Put on your nightgown. Don’t look so frightened. I tell you again, Banquo is buried. He cannot come out of his grave. |
| **DOCTOR**  Is this true? |
| **LADY MACBETH**  To bed, to bed! There’s a knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What’s done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed! |
| ***LADY MACBETH*** *exits.* |
| **DOCTOR**  Will she go to bed now? |
| **GENTLEWOMAN**  Yes, right away. |
| **DOCTOR**  Evil rumors are going around. Unnatural acts will cause supernatural things to happen. People with guilty and deranged minds will confess their secrets to their pillows as they sleep. This woman needs a priest more than a doctor. God forgive us all! *(to the waiting-* GENTLEWOMAN*)* Look after her. Remove anything she might hurt herself with. Watch her constantly. And now, good-night. She has bewildered my mind and amazed my eyes. I have an opinion, but I don’t dare to say it out loud. |
| **GENTLEWOMAN**  Good night, good doctor. |
| *They exit.* |

**Part 12: Birnam Wood**

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| ***MALCOLM****,* ***GENERAL******SIWARD*** *and his* ***SON****,* ***MACDUFF****,* ***MENTEITH****,* ***CAITHNESS****,* ***ANGUS****,* ***LENNOX****,* ***ROSS****, and* ***SOLDIERS*** *enter marching, with a drummer and flag.* | | |
| **MALCOLM**  Kinsmen, I hope the time is coming when people will be safe in their own bedrooms. | | |
| **MENTEITH**  We don’t doubt it. | | |
| **SIWARD**  What’s the name of this forest behind us? | | |
| **MENTEITH**  Birnam Wood. | | |
| **MALCOLM**  Tell every soldier to break off a branch and hold it in front of him. That way we can conceal how many of us there are, and Macbeth’s spies will give him inaccurate reports. | | |
| **SOLDIERS**  We’ll do it. | | |
| **SIWARD**  We have no news except that the overconfident Macbeth is still in Dunsinane and will allow us to lay siege to the castle. | | |
| **MALCOLM**  He wants us to lay siege. Wherever his soldiers have an opportunity to leave him, they do, whatever rank they are. No one fights with him except men who are forced to, and their hearts aren’t in it. | | |
| **MACDUFF**  We shouldn’t make any judgments until we achieve our goal. Let’s go fight like hardworking soldiers. | |
| **SIWARD**  Soon we’ll find out what’s really ours and what isn’t. It’s easy for us to get our hopes up just sitting around thinking about it, but the only way this is really going to be settled is by violence. So let’s move our armies forward. |
| *They exit, marching.* |

**Part 13: Dunsinane**

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| ***MACBETH****,* ***SEYTON****, and* ***SOLDIERS*** *enter with a drummer and flag.* | |
| **MACBETH**  Hang our flags on the outer walls. Everyone keeps yelling, “Here they come!” Our castle is strong enough to laugh off their seige. They can sit out there until they die of hunger and disease. If it weren’t for the fact that so many of our soldiers revolted and joined them, we could have met them out in front of the castle, man to man, and beaten them back to England. | |
| *A sound of women crying offstage.* | |
| What’s that noise? | |
| **SEYTON**  It’s women crying, my good lord. | |
| ***SEYTON*** *exits.* | |
| **MACBETH**  I’ve almost forgotten what fear feels like. There was a time when I would have been terrified by a shriek in the night, and the hair on my skin would have stood up when I heard a ghost story. But now I’ve had my fill of real horrors. Horrible things are so familiar that they can’t startle me. | |
| ***SEYTON*** *comes back in.* | |
| What was that cry for? | |
| **SEYTON**  The queen is dead, my lord. | |
| **MACBETH**  She would have died later anyway. That news was bound to come someday. Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow. The days creep slowly along until the end of time. And every day that’s already happened has taken fools that much closer to their deaths. Out, out, brief candle. Life is nothing more than an illusion. It’s like a poor actor who struts and worries for his hour on the stage and then is never heard from again. Life is a story told by an idiot, full of noise and emotional disturbance but devoid of meaning. |
| *A* ***MESSENGER*** *enters.* |
| You’ve come to tell me something. Tell me quickly. |
| **MESSENGER**  My gracious lord, I should tell you what I saw, but I don’t know how to say it. |
| **MACBETH**  Just say it. |
| **MESSENGER**  As I was standing watch on the hill, I looked toward Birnam, and I thought I saw the forest begin to move. |
| **MACBETH**  Liar and slave! |
| **MESSENGER**  Punish me if it’s not true. Three miles from here you can see it coming, a moving forest.  **MACBETH**  If you’re lying, I’ll hang you alive from the nearest tree until you die of hunger. If what you say is true, you can do the same to me. *(to himself)* My confidence is failing. I’m starting to doubt the lies the devil told me, which sounded like truth. “Don’t worry until Birnam Wood comes to Dunsinane.” And now a wood is coming to Dunsinane. Prepare for battle, and go! If what this messenger says is true, it’s no use running away or staying here. I’m starting to grow tired of living, and I’d like to see the world plunged into chaos. Ring the alarms! Blow, wind! Come, ruin! At least we’ll die with our armor on.  *They exit.* |

**Part 14: Dunsinane**

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| ***MACBETH*** *enters.* |
| **MACBETH**  Why should I commit suicide like one of the ancient Romans? As long as I see enemies of mine alive, I would rather see my sword wound them than me. |
| ***MACDUFF*** *enters.* |
| **MACDUFF**  Turn around, you dog from hell, turn around! |
| **MACBETH**  You are the only man I have avoided. But go away now. I’m already guilty of killing your whole family. | |
| **MACDUFF**  I have nothing to say to you. My sword will talk for me. You are too evil for words! | |
| *They fight.* | | |
| **MACBETH**  You’re wasting your time trying to wound me. You might as well try to stab the air with your sword. Go fight someone who can be harmed. I lead a charmed life, which can’t be ended by anyone born from a woman. | | |
| **MACDUFF**  You can forget about your charm. The evil spirit you serve can tell you that I was not born. They cut me out of my mother’s womb before she could bear me naturally. | | |

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| **MACBETH**  Curse you for telling me this. You’ve fightened away my courage. I don’t believe those evil creatures anymore. They tricked me with their wordgames, raising my hopes and then destroying them. I won’t fight you. | | | |
| **MACDUFF**  Then surrender, coward, and we’ll put you in a freakshow, just like they do with deformed animals. We’ll put a picture of you on a sign, right above the words “Come see the tyrant!” | | | |
| **MACBETH**  I’m not going to surrender and have to kiss the ground in front of Malcolm, or be taunted by the common people. Even though Birnam Wood really did come to Dunsinane, and I’m fighting a man not of woman born, I’ll fight to the end. I’ll put up my shield and battle you. Come on, let’s go at it, Macduff, and damn the first man who cries, 'Stop! Enough!' | | | |
| *They exit fighting. Trumpets and battle noises. The trumpet of one army sounds a call to retreat. The other army’s trumpet sounds a call of victory. The victorious army enters, led by* ***MALCOLM****, old* ***SIWARD****,* ***ROSS****, the other* ***THANES****, and soldiers, with a drummer and flag.* | | | |
| **MALCOLM**  I wish all of our friends could have survived this battle. | | | |
| **SIWARD**  In every battle, some people will always be killed, but judging from the men I see around us, our great victory didn’t cost us very much. | | | |
| **MALCOLM**  Macduff is missing, and so is your noble son. | | | |
| **ROSS**  My lord, your son has paid the soldier’s price: death. He only lived long enough to become a man, and as soon as he proved that he was a man by fighting like one, he died. | | | |
| |  | | --- | | **SIWARD**  So he’s dead? | | **ROSS**  Yes, and he’s been carried off the field. Your grief should not be equal to his worth, because then your sorrow would never end. | | **SIWARD**  Were his wounds on his front side? | | **ROSS**  Yes, on his front. | | **SIWARD**  Well then, he’s God’s soldier now! If I had as many sons as I have hairs on my head, I couldn’t hope that any of them would die more honorably than he did. And that’s all there is to it. | | | **MALCOLM**  He is worth more mourning than that, and I will mourn for him. | | | **SIWARD**  He is worth no more than that. They tell me he died well, and settled his scores. With that, I hope God is with him! Here comes better news. | |   ***MACDUFF*** *enters, carrying* ***MACBETH****’s head.* | |
| **MACDUFF**  Hail, king! Because that’s what you are now. Look, here I have Macbeth’s cursed head. We are free from his tyranny. I see that you have the kingdom’s noblemen around you, and they’re thinking the same thing as me. I want them to join me in this loud cheer, Hail, King of Scotland! | | |
| **ALL**  Hail, King of Scotland! | |
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| **MALCOLM**  It won’t be long before I reward each of you as he deserves. My thanes and kinsmen, I name you all earls, the first earls that Scotland has ever had. We have a lot to do at the dawn of this new era. We must call home all of our exiled friends who fled from the grip of Macbeth’s tyranny, and we must bring to justice all the evil ministers of this dead butcher and his demon-like queen, who, rumor has it, committed suicide. This, and whatever else we are called to do by God, we will do at the right time and in the right place. So I thank you all, and I invite each and every one of you to come watch me be crowned king of Scotland at Scone.  *Trumpets play. They all exit.* | | |
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